

# *Sketch*

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## Bowling

Halycon Heline\*

\*Iowa State College

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barred and which so completely owned the mind and body of this half-civilized creature. Again he shivered.

Gavure, as if understanding, looked back, with a half smile making a white gleam across his face only half discernible in the fading light. Then slowly he shuffled down the hill, head bent, only the shadow of a soul returning to the shadows. As he walked on down the dim road, the tropical night swallowed him in its lean and hungry jaws.

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## Bowling

Halycon Heline

H. Ec. So.



It gripes my soul  
To bowl  
A ninety-seven.  
When Sam,  
By damn,  
Bowls two eleven!

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## Iowa In November

Evogene G. Wallace

H. Ec. Jr.

**T**HERE is nothing lush or fruitful about Iowa in November. There is no promise of things to come in a later time—no hint of the earth's pregnancy and calm waiting—no hint of life already borne by her. There are only shades of gray in crazy squares and stripped trees and beaten houses. There is only an acceptance of age and disillusionment. The very cold is suggestive of fires that have burned and died. Iowa in November is like a farmer's wife who no longer cares to make her hair shine or her voice soft. All this is seen by everyone, but only those who feel deeply can understand.